



## GARRY OWEN.

Oh Garry Owen is gone to rack—  
Her blood is on the outflow's track—  
The big things starless, cold, and black,  
Above the shining river;  
Yet voices live along her walls,  
That ring out like a bugle call,  
Thro' lone some streets an' ruined halls  
"Our native land forever!"  
Then hip, hurrah! for Garry Owen,  
For as stands the Treaty stone,  
On Irish hearts will bear alone,  
For Garry Owen an' glory,

On those old walls brave Sarfield stood,  
An' looked down the Shannon's flood,  
And lo! 'twas flowing red with blood,  
Of foreign foes to freedom,  
When the good old town is still,  
For Ireland's ran a some blood to spill,  
And hearts to fill with rich good will,  
An' Sarfield's yet to read on,  
The best of times here for Ireland's crown  
And Sarfield men of Phidrewon  
Wh' tramp the English's nner down,  
In Garry Owen an' glory.

Our good lives wet the English Lords,  
Their hands for ever on their sword,  
Th'ir slaying blows the only words,  
They dained to give the foemen  
And we will take our fathers' place,  
And scowl into the Baxon's face,  
The hatred of a royal race,  
That will be slaves to no man,  
Then draw your swords for Garry Owen  
And swear upon the Treaty stone  
To haze for Ireland's sake alone,  
In Garry Owen an' glory,

Oh! for an hour in Garry Owen,  
In the crimson light of day's long dawn,  
Our banner of green to the gay winds thrown  
To the chorus of the cannon;  
To hear the thrilling bugle's call,  
An' Sarfield cry, "Behold the Gall!"  
Hurrah! to reap the losses and will,  
And pile them in the Shannon,  
Then toss the men who fought & won,  
Beneath our banner of the sun,  
And we can do what they have done,  
In Garry Owen an' glory.

Tho' Garry Owen is gone to rack,  
We'll in her olden glory's track,  
The night that shrouds her cold and black,  
We'll light with song and strategy;  
And tho' her walls are overthrown,  
We'll build them yet high, stone to stone,  
And freedom shall be Queen alone,  
In Garry Owen an' glory.

So, three times three for Garry Owen,  
Her old gray walls and Treaty stone,  
We live for Ireland's sake alone,  
In Garry Owen an' glory.